

[ORIGINAL.]

SONG.

BY J. WAKEFIELD.

Had I as a stranger met thee,
 Had we parted as we met,
 It were easy to forget thee—
 Now, I never can forget!

Till my pulse has ceased its beating,
 Till my heart lies still and cold,
 Memory shall be found repeating
 That one name, so dear of old.

But while memory tells me of thee,
 Breathes that treacherous name of thine,
 I can neither hate nor love thee—
 Would that love or hate were mine!

I would love thee had I never
 Learned the treachery of thy heart;
 I could hate thee hadst thou ever
 Been to me what now thou art.

Once I loved thee and believed thee,
 In my blind idolatry;
 But thy serpent-tongue deceived me:
 O, 'twas cruel—such from thee!

Then, farewell!—the word is spoken,
 And we must forever part;
 All the dearest ties are broken
 Which should bind thee to my heart.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE STOLEN GOLD PIECE.

BY ISABELLA BELL.

At twelve years of age Walter Stevens became an orphan, and was thrown homeless, penniless and friendless upon the cold, wicked world. But God never forsakes his children in their hour of need. A friend was raised up for him in the person of Mr. Hall, whose kind heart was moved with compassion at the sight of the sorrowing, destitute boy, and he took him home, and gave him employment in his store. It was an act of pure disinterested benevolence, for he did not need his services; he was a man in moderate circumstances, doing a small business, and he and his clerk could perform with ease all that there was to do. But the boy was penniless, with no place to lay his head, and acting upon the basis of a broad Christian love, he brought the child to his own house, and made him a member of his family; and this was not all, he sent him to school a portion of the year, instructed him evenings, and gave him all the advantages his limited income would allow. Mrs. Hall, too, like a true woman as she was, entered

into all her husband's views, and seconded all his plans for the benefit of the young orphan.

Walter Stevens had been with Mr. Hall two years at the time our story commences, and had proved himself a smart, active, hard-working lad, thoroughly devoted to the interests of his benefactors; for Mr. and Mrs. Hall, his affections and gratitude were unbounded, and they in their turn reposed in him the highest confidence and regard.

"Walter," said Mr. Hall, as he stood with his hat in hand, ready to leave for his place of business—"you need not come to the store for two hours. It is so stormy this morning there will be but few customers in, and Henry and I can attend to them well enough without you, so you may have the time to devote to your studies." And then turning to his wife who was just then passing through the room with some books in her hand, which she was going up stairs to deposit—he added: "Mr. Williams, the tailor will call here this morning, to bring some clothes he has been making for me, and I should like to have you pay him—here is the money;" saying this, he laid down a twenty dollar gold piece on the table.

"Very well, I will attend to it," she answered, and went on. A bright, shining gold piece, just from the mint; what a pretty plaything for a child? No wonder it pleased the eye of Ella, Mr. Hall's little daughter, over whose head three summers only had passed, and in an instant when her mother's back was turned, she ran to the table and seized it with her little hand, screaming with delight as she did so, quite unobserved by any one.

"Here, papa, let me do too. Ella want to do out with you," she cried, seeing her father open the door into the hall, and gliding past him, still keeping tight hold of her treasure, she scampered off into the kitchen. Her mother was up stairs, and she had the room all to herself. She threw the gold piece up and down for some time, catching it in her hands, then she rolled it backwards and forwards on the floor, calling it her wheel, and finally becoming weary of that, and espying a large coffee-pot in the closet, she said, "she would make b'lieve it was coffee, and make some for papa's dinner." Accordingly she raised the lid of the coffee-pot, and dropped into it the gold piece. Just then, her mother called from the room above:

"Ella, come up here. I want you to put on a clean apron."

"Ella tuming, ma'am, Ella tuming," she cried, and leaving her "make believe coffee," she began scrambling up the stairway.

"Mary," said Mr. Hall, to his wife at the dinner-table, "I suppose Mr. Williams has called in my absence? Did you think to take a receipt for the money you paid him?"

"O, yes, he called," she answered, "but you forgot to leave me the money, Edward."

"No, I did not forget. I left you a twenty dollar gold piece on the table."

"I know you said you did, but I could not find it, and supposed you'd forgotten to leave it."

"You must have overlooked it," said her husband.

Upon going into the sitting-room, both began searching for the missing gold piece. The lamp and books were removed from the table, the cloth taken off and shaken, and every part of the carpet was examined, but no money could be found.

"Are you certain you left it here—didn't you carry it down to the store?" asked Mrs. Hall.

"No. I am confident I did not. I recollect perfectly laying it down right here," he said, placing his hand on the exact spot. "You saw me, Walter?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy.

"And was it there when you came down to the store at eleven?"

"I don't know, sir. I saw you leave it, but I was so busy studying, that I did not notice anything about it afterwards."

"You don't suppose there has been any one in the house to steal it, do you, Mary?" asked Mr. Hall.

"No, it cannot have been stolen, for there has been no one in the room but Walter, and after he went away, I came down and locked both the doors."

"It is perfectly unaccountable," said Mr. Hall, "where that money has gone to. I declare, if it were in the days of witchcraft, I should think the witches had got it."

It was evening. Mr. Hall was sitting alone with his wife. "Mary," said he, "that gold piece has disappeared most mysteriously. Walter is good and faithful, and it is hard to believe anything wrong of him, but he was strongly tempted, and has probably yielded to the temptation. In fact, it is my firm belief that he has taken the money."

"O, don't say so," pleaded his wife—"it cannot be, we have had so much confidence in him, it is dreadful to think of his being the thief."

"I know it is, Mary," he answered; "but the circumstances are all against him. Walter," he called, as he heard his step in the hall, "come here. I want to speak to you."

The boy obeyed.

"Walter," said Mr. Hall, sternly, after having regarded him attentively, "tell me the truth, did you take that gold piece?"

The boy stood for a moment almost stupefied with amazement at this unexpected question, then raising his eyes, with a look as bright and fearless as ever, he said:

"I steal!—I steal from you, Mr. Hall, when you have done so much for me? *Never.*"

Mr. Hall again repeated the question.

"Did you ever know me to tell you a lie?" asked Walter, proudly, a rich color mounting to his cheeks as he spoke.

"No, you never have."

"Did you ever know me to deceive you, or to take the least fractional part of a farthing that did not justly belong to me?"

"No, you have been a good and faithful boy thus far, and I have never had occasion before to distrust you; but a bright, twenty dollar gold piece was a strong temptation, and older and wiser people have yielded before you. But if you will confess and tell me what you have done with the money, I will pardon this first offence, and if you do well, you shall in time be reinstated in my confidence."

But the only answer he received was, "I am innocent."

"Walter," said Mr. Hall, still more sternly, "I command you to tell me what you have done with the money; there was no one in the room but you, and no one else could have taken it."

Still the boy's despairing cry was, "I am innocent! O, Mr. Hall, I am innocent."

"How dare you persist in adding falsehood upon falsehood to your theft? I give you your choice, confess your guilt, and tell me what you have done with the money, or to-morrow morning you shall leave my house forever! I will not keep a boy," he said, angrily, "who repays confidence and kindness, with the basest ingratitude and theft."

Walter was silent for a few moments; and then in accents that would have melted a heart of stone, he said:

"You have been to me like a father, Mr. Hall, you took me when a poor destitute orphan, without a friend in the whole wide world, and gave me a home and employment; and I have been happy, O, so very happy. Could you look into my heart, you would see there love and gratitude as enduring as my life; had you placed a whole bag of gold pieces before me, I would have died before taking one from you."

"This is all idle talk," said Mr. Hall, "when this act of yours belies your words. You have

heard the only conditions upon which I shall suffer you to remain. Now take your choice."

The face of the boy was colorless as marble, as he said in a voice scarcely above a whisper:

"How can I confess guilt when I have no guilt to confess?"

Truth and innocence were stamped upon the boy's face, but the circumstances *all* pointed against him.

"How young to be so skilled in artifice," thought Mr. Hall.

At this moment, little Ella came running into the room, and coming up to Walter's side, laid her soft, curly head upon his arm, and said:

"Papa, Wally didn't teal, Wally dood, Ella love Wally."

Thus far the boy had shed no tears; he had borne up like a hero under the charge against him; but Ella's childish words of affection and sympathy were too much for him. Bursting into tears, he sank down upon the sofa and covered his face with his hands.

It was a touching scene. Mrs. Hall raised her eyes beseechingly to her husband as if imploring him to relent. Mr. Hall, too, was moved with compassion at the sight of his distress, but when he thought of the many circumstances against him, he more firmly than ever believed in his guilt; and thought him acting most admirably his part of dissimulation and falsehood, and stifled all the feelings of pity that were beginning to spring up in his heart. Uncertain what course he ought to pursue, he said:

"You may go to your room now, Walter, and in the morning we will settle the question."

The next morning the sun shone into his room as bright and cheerful as ever. Would that the heart of its little occupant were as bright and joyous as were its gladsome rays. Walter had passed a sleepless night, and had arisen at an early hour. The words that Mr. Hall had used the evening before almost drove him to distraction. "He must either confess his guilt, and restore the money, or he should be forever banished from his house." Would it not be better he thought, to say that he had taken the money, but had lost it in the street, for Mr. Hall had promised to pardon him, and in time to reinstate him in his confidence. But a still, small voice within him said: "Keep to the truth, Walter, keep to the truth."

At that moment his eye fell upon his Bible, the dying gift of his mother; he opened it, and read these words: "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall receive them." Precious words of comfort and promise—and kneeling down by his

bedside, he poured forth his soul in prayer, asking that his innocence might be proved, and for a rich blessing to descend upon his benefactors. Was the prayer answered? We shall see.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall had taken their seats at the breakfast-table. The countenances of both wore a troubled expression quite unusual to them, and while her husband was helping to the meat, Mrs. Hall attempted to pour the coffee, but it would not run.

"Why, what is the matter?" she said. "The coffee-pot is full, I know, but there won't a drop come out."

"Shake it," said Mr. Hall, "perhaps the grains have got lodged on the strainer."

She did so, and something hard and heavy like a piece of metal, fell to the bottom of the coffee-pot with a rattling sound.

"I wonder what it can be?" she said, and raising the lid, she inserted a spoon, and drew out upon it something round and hard; "it looks like a large, brass button," she said, wiping it with her napkin.

"Why, Edward," she exclaimed with amazement, "it is that twenty dollar gold piece, you gave me yesterday," and she handed it to her husband.

"Are you sure?" he asked quickly. "Good Heavens! you are right."

"Here, papa," cried Ella, who was seated beside her father at the table, "it's mine, give it to me, Ella put it in there to make you some coffee with."

The mystery was explained, and hastily dropping his knife and fork, Mr. Hall rushed up stairs to Walter's room.

"Can you ever forgive me?" he exclaimed, "your innocence is proved, clear as daylight;" and he proceeded to tell in what manner the money had been found.

"I knew it would be," said the boy, his face radiant with every emotion of joy. "I knew it would be found, and before this day was out, too."

"How did you know it?" asked Mr. Hall, a good deal surprised at the boy's earnestness.

"Doesn't it say here," and he held up his open Bible and pointed to a particular passage: "That whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." I took God at his word, and prayed that he would prove my innocence, believing that he would hear my prayer, and you see he has done it."

Beautiful indeed is a child's implicit faith, in the unfailing promise of the Redeemer. Why so

much talk in the world about creeds, doctrines and professions? Why is it not enough to follow the simple teachings of Jesus, and to give to him and the Father the tribute of a loving, trusting, grateful heart.

Christmas came a fortnight after, and the twenty dollar gold piece did go to Mr. Williams, the tailor, after all; but not to pay for Mr. Hall's clothing as was originally intended, for that bill was settled some days ago—but to buy a good, warm, handsome suit, together with a cap, tippet and gloves, for Walter Stevens, a Christmas present from Mr. and Mrs. Hall.

A TOUCHING ANECDOTE.

Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, in a recent address at a meeting in Alexandria, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum and free schools of that city, related the following: "A poor little boy, in a cold night in June, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no paternal guardian or guide to protect or direct him on his way, reached at nightfall the house of a rich planter, who took him in, fed, warmed, and sent him on his way with a blessing. These kind attentions cheered his heart, and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled round; Providence led him on; he had reached the legal profession; his host had died; cormorants that prey on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estates. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy years before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulus of a warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to the ordinary motives connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easy to be resisted, he gained it; the widow's estates were secured to her in perpetuity; and, Mr. Stephens added, with an emphasis of emotion that sent its electric thrill throughout the house, that orphan boy stands before you!"

A FASHIONABLE LADY'S-MAID.

A short time back, the famous French actress, Madame Doche, was in want of a lady's-maid. Amongst others who applied for the "situation," one suited the lady; terms were agreed upon, and all seemed about to be satisfactorily concluded, when the Abigail said: "I forgot to ask what my room is like; is it a comfortable one?" "Very comfortable," was the reply. "With a fire-place?" was then rejoined. "Yes," was the answer; "but for many causes I allow no fire to be lighted, as you sit in a well-warmed room down stairs." The lady's-maid drew up grandly, saying, "Then our agreement is at an end; it is not on account of needle-work that I need a fire, but because I receive my friends every Saturday evening!"—*Literary Gazette.*

AGE.

Age sits with decent grace upon his visage,
And worthily becomes his silver locks,
Who wears the marks of many years well spent,
Of virtue, truth well-tried, and wise experience.

Rowe.

[ORIGINAL.]

LITTLE FEET.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

The feet that cross my gloomy path
To-night are pattering lily ones;
They turn aside the long-laid wrath,
And lead where virtue's river runs:
Its placid bosom will I seek,
And for lost love no longer weep.

How love I all these footprints fair
That guide my soul—as on the sea
Some ship sails towards the rough coast bare,
But, warned by beacon light to flee,
Again strikes out the storms to dare—
Thus saved from dangers on the lee.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE RACE.

BY GEORGE C. LYMAN.

With her face resting on her folded arms, and her dreamy eyes fixed on the blue distant hill-tops, Mattie Forrest knelt upon her chamber-floor, before the open window. The luxurious indolence pervading the warm, fragrant breeze that floated in to her, and the drowsy hum of the bees among the roses below, almost sent her asleep. But there were tears in her brown eyes, and on the long, golden lashes that shaded them; tears on the flushed face and bare, round arms; tears on the cluster of chestnut curls that lay tangled against her soft cheek. Mattie had been weeping. And when the broad, white lids began to droop slowly over the drowsy eyes, a little convulsive sob would break from her lips and startle her back to consciousness again. Then as memory returned, a warm, resentful color would burn hotly on her cheeks, and break into a ring flame of crimson at the pretty mouth. Then would come the fall of tears again, and a few angry, petulant words would disturb the stillness of the little room.

"I wish I could go to sleep and never wake again! I wish I were dead—I do—I do!"

She sprang to her feet, brushing back her rich, dishevelled hair with her little fair hands. As she did so, a miniature fell from her lap to the floor. She picked it up, and holding it before her tearful eyes, looked until the passionate color faded from her face, and the scornful, pouting mouth grew irresolute, like that of a grieved child.

"Robert! Robert!"

She laid the picture against her cheek, and seemed to grow calmer for a moment, but the

next instant the storm of passion and grief came back, and she flung herself upon the floor again, in all the careless abandon of grief.

"Why, Mattie, dear Mattie, what's the matter with you?"

Mattie ceased her sobbing and sat quiet and breathless almost, as the sound of her little sister's voice fell upon her startled ear. But she made no answer, and after a moment the child came into the room, and kneeling down by her, put her arms about her neck, and with her little voice tremulous with childish sympathy, said:

"Tell me, Mattie, was it papa that grieved you?"

No answer.

"Did he say that you couldn't go to Boston this fall?"

Mattie shook her head.

"Was it mama, or Aunt Mary that—"

"No."

"Then what is it? Have I—O, Mattie, have I done anything to hurt you?"

"No, dear," Mattie said, resting her face on the slight shoulder of the anxious little creature.

Nine-years-old Sarah was completely non-plussed, and sat silent, holding her sister's drooping head in her arms, and wondering blankly at the cause of her grief. In the whole course of her little lifetime, she had never before seen merry, light-hearted Mattie affected like this, and she looked almost wildly at the swollen, tear-stained face, half hid by the tangled hair.

"Saity dear," said Mattie, at last, passing her arm about the little waist, "I'll tell you, but you must never tell."

"I never will, truly," was the very earnestly-given answer. And Sarah sat quietly and patiently waiting for the explanation.

But the girl seemed to have some difficulty in commencing her story. She hesitated, then said: "Yesterday,"—then cried a little, then murmured something about Robert, and at last broke down entirely.

"Robert—Robert Graves, Mattie?"

"Yes, and I hate him," sobbed Mattie, very energetically.

"Hate Robert Graves! Why, I thought you were going to marry him. How can you, Mattie?"

"I am not going to marry him. I shall never see him again!"

"O, Mattie!"

"He is going away. We have quarrelled. He spoke to me as he had no right to speak, and I grew angry," Mattie continued, talking hurriedly. "You see the trouble arose in this way. Last week I rode out with Frank Alwynn, and

Robert was very grave, but he did not say much about it. The next day I went upon the pond with George and Charlie Foster and their sister to get water-lilies; and yesterday Alfred Lewis called and asked me to go to the party at Squire Foster's this evening, and Robert was very angry about it, and called me coquettish and a flirt. It provoked me, and I told him that I should do as I chose. He stopped a minute and seemed to grow calm. The color all went out of his face, as he said: 'Very well, Mattie, choose your own way, I have no further claim upon you!' My heart leaped into my throat, and I grew so dizzy that I could scarcely see his face. He started as if to go away, but instantly turned back and said: 'We are hardly in the right mood to decide this matter now. I will see you again to-morrow.' Believing that he was trifling with me to make me betray my feelings, my answer escaped from my lips before I knew what I was saying; 'I see no necessity for the delay. I am in full possession of my senses, I believe. There is an old maxim, "There is no time like the present." It is a favorite of mine.' 'But not applicable to every case,' he replied. 'However, be it as you wish. But, Mattie, by-and-by I trust that you will see the folly of this, and then, when you can turn from them to me, I will forget this, and we will be friends again—never before.' Then he said, gently—'God bless you!' and left me standing alone in the garden, feeling like one stunned. That is all, Saity, only I have since heard that he is going to leave town this evening."

Poor, bewildered, little Sarah! her face was as pale as her sister's. She did not speak, but looked wistfully at Mattie, as she concluded, and sat with her hands clasped in her lap.

"Mattie," she said, at length, with a fixed gravity, "do you care more for these other people than for Robert?"

"Of course not, child!"

"Then, why don't you tell him so?"

"Pshaw! how can I, you foolish little thing? You don't understand the matter at all, Saity. Go down stairs, and I will be down presently."

Mattie arose, and kissing the child, sent her away. Then for a moment she stood looking wearily through the window. Suddenly the garden gate opened, and Alfred Lewis came hastily up the path, an elegant bouquet of hot-house exotics in his hand. Involuntarily she leaned forward, and at the same instant that she returned his gay salutation (for he glanced up and saw her), she caught sight of Robert Graves, as he rode past on horseback. She drew back hastily, remembering her tearful face and disordered

hair, and immediately a sudden revulsion of feeling followed. For an instant she stood in deep thought. Then, with the look of a sudden resolution formed settling upon her face, she commenced preparations to see the visitor who waited for her below.

Half an hour later, little Sarah looked up in astonishment, as Mattie entered the room, her hair falling in rich, glossy curls about a face from which all traces of tears were removed. There was a smile on her lips and a rich blush on her cheeks as she received the flowers the gentleman presented to her, and in a few moments she was talking gaily and apparently with all the light-heartedness natural to her. Young Lewis privately pronounced her the prettiest and most fascinating girl he knew.

He did not go to the party that night, neither did Mattie. When little Sarah was sent to bed, she left them sitting together by the open window, in the shadow of the heavy drapery. But the white moonlight falling in, glanced across Mattie's snowy fingers, as they strayed over the strings of her guitar, and the voice of her companion mingled with her own, as the sweet song of "Annie Laurie" floated out upon the evening air.

The next morning little Sarah told her sister of a strange dream she had dreamed. She thought she awakened in the night, and saw Mattie standing by the bed, all the rosieness gone from her face, which was dark with passion and grief. The room was filled with the sweet fragrance of dying blossoms, for her slender fingers were busied in ruthlessly tearing apart a rich bouquet of crimson and snow-white chrysanthemums which she held. For a moment she stood thus, apparently engrossed in her employment, and then raising her head, she walked toward the window. The blossoms fell to the floor, and as she went she crushed them beneath her feet.

"And," said the child, "I was so sorry at having the beautiful flowers spoiled, that I cried out, and then you came and soothed me with kisses, and I knew nothing more until I awoke this morning, and saw you beside me sound asleep."

Mattie listened to the little girl with a forced smile, and when she had finished, bade her say nothing about her dream to any one. And Sarah, awed by the pallor of her dear sister's face and the sadness of her dark eyes, promised, without asking as usual for a reason. If she had only known that her dream was not *all* a dream—and if Alfred Lewis had known it, too, he would have been chary of his floral gifts thereafter!

Such a glorious October morning! Everything was gorgeous with rich autumn tints. The sturdy old oaks and maples of the forest wore their rich gala dresses of scarlet and gold, while the low underbrush they shaded, and in part protected from the early frosts, were still attired in their summer robes of green, with here and there a changing leaf that looked like a blood-red ruby in a golden setting.

Mattie was standing on a high hill at the back of her home, where she had paused in her morning walk. The fresh breeze tossed her clustering hair about her face, and fluttered the light silken scarf she wore about her shoulders. But she did not heed it. She was alone, and thinking sadly of Robert. She had not seen him since the sunny afternoon on which he had ridden past her window some three months since. She had grown very quiet and womanly in that short time—less frolicsome and wilful—more gentle and patient with the faults of others. In the first flush of resentment she had encouraged the attentions of Alfred Lewis, but her heart—ever true to her woman's love, let her pride lead her on as it might—soon taught her her wrong, and she told him as soon after as possible, that she had but a friend's regard for him. At her request he ceased his visits, but still treated her with marked deference and courtesy. She occasionally accepted his attendance in company, and enjoyed it, for the young man was both attentive and agreeable. But a serious thought of his ever being more to her—of his ever taking Robert's place in her heart, she never entertained for an instant. As Robert had hoped, she now saw her error, and grew sick at heart when she considered that she might never see him again; or that possibly by-and-by, when she had grown pale and gray waiting for his coming, he might return, acknowledging the claim of some one younger and fairer to his love. Married, perhaps, and happy with his young wife, and perchance, rosy children.

She was roused from her sad thoughts by the sound of her sister's voice calling her, and in a moment more she saw little Sarah come bounding up the hill to meet her.

"O, Mattie!" she cried, "there is to be a horseback ride to the pine woods to-day. Mary and William Morris, Lizzie and Frank Alwynn, the Fosters, and ever so many more are going. Alfred Lewis is here, and wants you to go with him. And he says, O, Mattie, he says that if father will trust me in his care, he will take charge of me, if I would like to go! Papa says I may have Black Becky, and we are to start in an hour."

The child was wild with delight, and ran towards the house again, calling her sister to follow. Hesitating whether or not to join the company, Mattie walked more slowly towards the house. But young Lewis's description of the proposed occasion was so fascinating, that she accepted his invitation, and an hour later stood at the garden gate with her joyous little sister, while her escort led up the handsome, spirited horse he had selected for her use.

"My beauty!" he said, playfully, as she sprang from his arms to the saddle. But the sincere admiration in his dark eyes brought a rich flush to her cheeks, and she bent her head and shook her glossy curls about her face, as he mounted and took his place beside her. Little Sarah, looking almost fairy-like in her close-fitting habit and tiny plumed hat, rode with them, and together they joined the remainder of the party upon the village green. After a few moments' confusion they started, riding at pleasure in little parties of two and three. Suddenly Mattie grew strangely pale, and her horse chafed beneath the convulsive guidance of her hand. Foremost in the cavalcade rode Robert Graves. As she looked at him, he glanced up and caught her eye, and immediately a bow gave token of the recognition. But that was all. She did not see him look at her again during the remainder of the ride.

After some half an hour's brisk canter, they reached the grove, and while some of the party dismounted for a stroll, others prepared for a trial of speed of the horses. For a slight dispute had arisen among some of them on the road. Alfred Lewis declared his horse, in a race of one mile, superior to any there—a challenge which the rest of the party who were ready for a smart trot, accepted.

"To a race! to a race!" was the cry, as the whole number of riders present, some ten or twelve, formed in a line, ready for a start.

"Ready!"

Almost at the same instant, the horses sprang forward. Mattie and Robert were of the company. Both rode fine animals. The slender, jet-black Arabian which bore Robert so easily, was the handsomest horse present, but his speed was hardly equal to his looks, Mattie thought, as several of the company rode swiftly by him, herself included. Gradually she found herself at the head of the party, while Lewis, urging his horse to the utmost, rode a few feet behind her.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" broke from the lips of the excited riders.

Mattie glanced merrily at Alfred Lewis. His face was flushed, and his lips tightly compressed.

He was evidently very much in earnest. A few more yards. Mattie was still on the gain, her horse going over the ground with tremendous bounds, while she maintained her seat composedly, her fearless eyes fixed on the goal. The laughter of the triumphant party seemed to grate harshly on the ear of Lewis. He glanced back to see who rode nearest to him.

"Miss Forrest," he cried, "what will you give the gentleman who catches you?"

Mattie turned her head and gave one swift glance at her pursuers. To her surprise, she saw that Robert was next to Lewis. A sudden bound of her heart made her face flush high.

"My heart, hand and fortune!" was her bold reply.

A shout rose from the company at this daring assertion.

"We accept your terms," they cried.

Mattie turned her head again, and waved her hand. As she did so, she looked straight into the blue eyes of Robert Graves. How much he read in the darkening depths of her own!

Faster, faster—like lightning the three horses sped onward, ever foremost. Mattie's heart with its boundings seemed almost to suffocate her. A hand made a clutch at her rein. With a sudden leap, her horse, almost wild with excitement, and fast becoming unmanageable, evaded it. Again the hand with its buff-colored glove touched her horse's neck. Again the attempt of the owner to detain her was unsuccessful! Her horse gave a frenzied leap to the right!

"Robert, Robert, for Heaven's sake!" The cry broke from her white lips, as she swayed in the saddle.

There was a shock, a pause, and then a blank silence. She opened her eyes. She was not upon the horse, but resting upon the ground beside a stream of water, her head lying upon the bosom of her lover. He was bathing her brow with the water, and pressing passionate kisses upon her cheeks and mouth. An instant more and she realized that they were alone. She put her feeble arms about his neck:

"Forgive me, Robert!"

Her pale, penitent face pleaded for her more than the words. And Robert answered the double prayer of voice and glance, by drawing the dear head closer to his breast, and pressing on the tremulous little mouth a long, sweet, passionate kiss of reconciliation.

DUTIES AND CHARITIES

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
The charities, that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers.

WORDSWORTH.

[ORIGINAL.]

WINTER MOONLIGHT.

BY M. LEWIS.

Evening, calm, serene and tender,
From the blue heavens smiling down,
Throws her robe of quiet beauty
Over mountain, vale and town.

Snow-clad, earth is pure and spotless,
Sending upward radiant light;
Stars on high are dimly shining,
Paled by the bright queen of night.

Soft and dreamlike rest the shadows
By the moonbeams earthward cast;
Brilliant, yet subdued, reflections
With the softened shades contrast.

Yet more deeply on the spirit
May the sweet impression rest,
Shadowing, though but dim and faintly,
Harmonies forever blest.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MINISTER'S COAT.

BY J. C. MERRIAM.

It was a cold afternoon in February, and not only cold, but extremely disagreeable; for the wind came in fierce gusts, and made one's teeth to chatter in spite of the extra amount of clothing with which all sensible people were provided. Slowly and wearily a stage-coach crawled up the hill, and having attained the summit, was about descending at a faster rate, when there was a sudden jerk, the horses were brought to a standstill, and the twelve cold, hungry and sleepy passengers looked out with a show of interest, to discover the cause of the delay.

"What's the row now?" muttered a stout, red-faced man, who, buried in a great-coat, an enormous red comforter and a fur cap, was endeavoring to get a nap.

The question was speedily answered, by the opening of the coach-door and the entrance of another passenger, at sight of whom the twelve sat petrified. It was an old but time-honored rule that the interior of the coach should accommodate but twelve, and never was this rule violated, but that there were murmurs deep if not loud. Upon this occasion, the unlucky thirteenth was greeted with a fearful shower of ill-natured murmurs, among which could be detected a few feminine "O dears!"

There he stood in the middle of the coach, stooping over in a most uncomfortable position, to avoid coming in contact with the roof, and

there he might have stood during the remainder of the journey, if a lady, whose features no one could see—for she wore a thick brown veil—had not made room for him, with the words:

"I think there is a seat for you here, sir."

As number thirteen took his seat and thanked the lady, the murmurs grew a little louder, and became perfectly audible to the young man's ear.

"It does seem strange to me, that people should be willing to discommode others; it's a mark of a selfish mind."

"Anybody and everybody, that's the trouble of travelling in public conveyances."

"I wish I had waited for the next coach—I hate to be crowded," interposed a third.

"Small pox! Yes, I shouldn't wonder. We risk a great deal travelling in this way."

On hearing this last remark, an ancient maiden lady, who sat at the right hand of the last comer, suddenly drew her dress from contact with her neighbor, as if the dreaded disease were actually in the vehicle, and as if there were the possibility of her catching it. A giggling from two young ladies upon the opposite side of the coach, attracted everybody's attention.

"I'm sure it came out of the ark," said the elder of the two. "I never saw anything yet to equal its beautiful gloss. How much nicer they made broadcloth in those days."

"It's a beautiful fit, Arabella, isn't it? what a comfort that must be!"

"To be sure," said Arabella. "What a pity we cannot have a bit of it to keep as a venerable and venerated relic."

There was no mistaking the subject of this witty conversation, and not a few eyes were speedily turned to inspect the coat of the new-comer. It was rather antiquated in style, but nevertheless well-preserved and even glossy. The beautiful stitching about the cuffs showed that it had been carefully made, and there were also evidences of its having been carefully mended. It was the only coat the stranger wore, though the thermometer, if it had been consulted, would have recorded two above zero only; it was consequently a most unpardonable piece of carelessness for the stranger to leave his great coat at home.

It is not to be supposed that the young man bore this scrutiny from so many eyes with perfect calmness. At the first allusion to his coat, his face, though but a moment before it was very pale, flushed crimson, and when he observed that all eyes were upon him, he was upon the point of resenting the insult. But just at this critical moment, the lady with the brown veil uttered the word "Shame!" in such an indignant tone, that

everybody hastily turned away, and a conversation upon indifferent subjects speedily commenced. It was not long before the stage arrived at the village of S—, where most of the passengers alighted. Among them was a tall, conceited-looking, elegantly-dressed young man, who had amused himself very much during the latter part of the journey with various witty remarks to the young ladies before-mentioned. As he helped them from the coach, his words fell upon the ears of two people who had not yet alighted.

"By the way, I have come to the conclusion, the old gentleman must have mortgaged his farm to pay for that coat, and no one knows how many days the old lady was in making it."

This speech was greeted with bursts of laughter, and the three walked gaily on.

There was a kindness in the manner of the mysterious lady, as she accepted the aid of her companion, which the young man felt very grateful for. There were a few formal words spoken, and then they had parted forever—perhaps. So thought the young man, as he lingered a moment to gaze after her.

The next day was Saturday, and Arabella and Clara Temple were seated in their somewhat gaudily furnished parlor, when a visitor was announced in the person of Miss Pry.

"O, girls, such a piece of news!" was her exclamation, as she tripped into the room. "You know our dear, good minister, Mr. Loring, talked of taking two young gentlemen to study for the ministry. Well, they've come, for I had it from good authority, as my brother John's wife's sister's adopted daughter is cutting dresses for Mrs Loring. And she says one of them dresses beautifully, and has such a deep voice, and she expects he is very talented. But we shall know to-morrow, for they are to supply Mr. Loring's pulpit, as that dear good man has got such a cold he can't speak above a whisper. One of them will preach in the forenoon and one in the afternoon, so you can make up your minds to set your caps for them; and as there are two of them you needn't quarrel."

"Well, but, Miss Pry—" now commenced Arabella.

"O, I can't stop to say a word more, girls, I am in such a hurry. Put on your prettiest dresses to-morrow, that's all." And then Miss Pry was off in an instant.

Never had a larger congregation assembled in the village church, than appeared there the next morning. Many a fair young face looked eagerly round for the first glimpse of the young preachers, and not the least curious of the congregation were the sisters Arabella and Clara Temple. At

length the preacher for the morning arrived, and accompanied Mr. Loring into the pulpit. There was no mistaking that tall, elegant, daintily-dressed gentleman, who gave out and read the hymn with such a sweet voice. Arabella and Clara exchanged glances, for their acquaintance with the preacher had commenced two days before, and they had already enjoyed the privilege of hearing from him some very witty remarks. The hymn being sung, there was a hush, in the midst of which the young preacher arose, folded his hands and laid them gracefully upon the desk, shut his eyes, and leaning over, breathed a long prayer in his softest and most melodious tone of voice. The prayer was elaborate and finely-phrased, but nevertheless it struck coldly upon the ears of many of the elderly people, who had been used to a less elegant but more earnest form of prayer. It seemed to them like lip-service.

There was great delight expressed among a portion of the young people, for any change was refreshing. The fact was, as they told each other in confidence, Mr. Loring was getting old and prosy, and consequently rather tiresome; here was something delightfully new.

The text was given out, and then, as a matter of course, came the sermon. It was beautiful to see the ease and coolness with which this dainty gentleman settled those knotty doctrinal points which had been disputed from time immemorial, and which even Mr. Loring hardly thought himself worthy of arguing.

Although plentifully garnished with figures of speech and abounding in high-sounding words, the sermon was declared decidedly shallow by more than one person whose judgment was not to be disputed. One young lady with a pretty, sparkling face, was observed to exhibit some contempt when the preacher launched off into a studied, and what was intended to be an irresistible appeal to the hearts of his hearers—an appeal that they should show all possible kindness to their fellow-men, and deal gently with the erring. There was a flush upon the face of the young lady, which might have been interpreted as one of indignation, and the gleam of the clear eye boded no good to the preacher.

But the preacher had his admirers also, and among them were Arabella and Clara Temple, who by dint of some management, contrived to obtain the escort of the young gentleman as far as their dwelling. What Mr. Loring thought of the sermon, no one knew. Some of the young people asserted somewhat maliciously, that the good old man was fast asleep the whole time, and heard not a word; there were others who chose to doubt this statement.

There was no diminution of the numbers in the afternoon, for public curiosity in the village of S— was yet to be gratified by a sight of the other and younger student, who was to officiate as preacher. The young people anticipated as much pleasure as they had received in the morning, and the elders dreaded a similar sermon.

At the appointed hour came the young preacher, accompanied as before by Mr. Loring. Arabella and Clara Temple again exchanged significant glances, for if the preacher was not, the preacher's coat was at least well known to them. It was the identical coat of antiquated make, which had a day or two ago been a subject of amusement to them.

Everybody felt disappointed with the young preacher at first. His voice was low, his manner diffident, and—and—his coat was dreadfully old-fashioned. Such was the verdict pronounced upon him by the people of S—, who, like many others I could mention, had a great reverence for externals. But when the young man rose to deliver his sermon, not a few forgot his outward garb, and saw only his pale, intellectual face. Avoiding all doctrinal points, he addressed the congregation only upon those subjects which were familiar to them; his religion was brought down "to the level of every day's most common needs." Deficient in theoretical figures, the sermon was clear, earnest and sensible, and found an echo in many hearts which had been untouched by the fine words heard in the morning. At first, the preacher's voice was low and his manner hurried, but as he progressed in his sermon, his diffidence vanished, he became eloquent, and lost in the sublimity of his subject, he even forgot where he stood. Once or twice his eyes fell upon the animated face of a young lady, who, among all the congregation, seemed to have most interest for him. But the sermon was finished, and the congregation were leaving the church, and only a few lingered from curiosity.

"How long have you had that?" asked Mr. Loring, sharply, of the young preacher, who had sunk back exhausted from a fit of coughing.

"About two months," was the answer.

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Loring, as the reply reached him.

From that day there were two distinct parties in the village of S—. One party, including the majority of the elder and a portion of the younger members of the congregation, were unanimous in favor of Mr. Loring and his poorly-dressed assistant; the other party were firm adherents of the elegant and always nicely-dressed person, who, it was rumored, Mr. Loring looked upon with a very favorable eye.

It was a pleasant, but blustering day in March, and Arabella Temple was consulting with her sister as to whom they should invite to a very select party, which they intended to give.

"You know, Clara, that Mr. Loring never goes, so it is of no use to invite him. But I was thinking we had better invite—"

"Mr. Ellis, of course," said Clara, looking significantly at Arabella. "Well, I have no objection to that, but one thing I must insist upon, and that is, that that horrid old coat shall not be seen here. Mr. — I've forgotten his name, if I ever heard it, can remain at home with Mr. Loring."

"Of course," said Arabella, drawing herself up in a stately manner. "I had no idea of asking him. Miss Snow would be so disgusted, she would never come here again, and as she is so rich, her society would be a great loss to us."

"Girls," said quiet Mrs. Temple, from her corner, "hadn't you better invite the young man? It is not best to slight people if you can help it."

"Invite him!" said Clara, contemptuously; "why, mother, neither in his dress nor his manners, is he fitted to appear in genteel society. No, I should go crazy if I saw that old coat here."

Mrs. Temple dropped the subject, and left Arabella to direct her notes to whom she pleased. It was an especially dainty document, which she despatched to Mr. Ellis, whom she had determined to fascinate, and for whom, in the homely language of Miss Pry, she had already "set her cap," and not without success.

If Arabella or Clara had taken the trouble to inquire, they would have discovered that the owner of the venerable coat also answered to the name of Ellis, being in fact a relative of his fellow-student. Never had the two met, until they came beneath Mr. Loring's roof, for their homes had been far apart. The elder of the two was the son of a rich merchant, and the younger the only child of a poor farmer. Both were anxious to qualify themselves for the ministry, and had consequently been received by Mr. Loring, who also claimed some distant relationship to them. But neither of them knew how closely they were watched by the keen-sighted old man, who had evidently some project in his mind concerning them.

We can imagine what Arabella's anger would have been, if she had known that her perfumed note found its way into the pocket of that "horrid old coat," for by the merest chance in the world, the missive, which was directed simply to Mr. Ellis, was handed to the younger student who bore the name.

Long did the document lay in "durance vile," and when at length Mr. Paul Ellis condescended to remember its existence, it was opened in a very careless manner, and hurriedly run through. But when he read the name of the writer, and recalled to mind under what circumstances he had seen her, he cast the note down and crushed it beneath his heel, whilst the flush of indignation mounted into his pale face. But a moment afterwards he lifted the paper and carefully smoothed it.

"What am I doing?" said he, to himself. "Am I a minister of the gospel, or am I not? If I am, I ought surely to forgive and forget all unkindness—even scornful remarks upon this dear old coat of mine, which was mother's handiwork, can be borne, I think. And besides that, I fancy my coat does not make me. When I can earn a better, I shall have a right to wear it, and not before." And he looked up with a quiet smile. "Now to punish myself, I will accept this invitation, and parade my old coat before these fine ladies. They shall find I am not ashamed of it."

Accordingly, at the appointed time, Mr. Ellis the younger very innocently wended his way to the Temple mansion and rang the bell. The new-comer was very late, even in the opinion of the fashionables of S—; "but better late than never," thought Arabella, who had been anxiously expecting Mr. Ellis the whole evening.

"O, O, O!" shrieked Arabella, as she caught a glimpse of the hateful coat, as the owner of it very coolly made his way through the crowded room towards her.

"What's the matter?" said Miss Snow, sharply. To tell the truth, this latter young lady was getting somewhat weary of Arabella's fashionable airs, and was at that very moment longing for something different.

"There, there," said Arabella, pointing angrily at our hero; "to think he should come here without an invitation, and in that detestable old coat, too."

"I'm sure I sha'n't speak to him," said Clara.

"I would," said Miss Snow, turning her clear eye upon the Temples. "I'm going to; shall I ask him if his coat came out of the ark, and suggest that you would like a bit of it as a relic?" And without waiting for an answer, away went Miss Snow, and the next moment was seen shaking hands with the person in the "detestable old coat."

"Miss Snow has the queerest notions," said Clara, looking after her, and as she did so, wondering how in the world she should know their conversation in the coach.

"Yes, Miss Snow can do just what she pleases, because she is rich and independent."

Thus thought Arabella, and so thought nearly all the young people in the village of S—, among whom Miss Snow reigned pre-eminent, though certainly by no efforts of her own.

Never had Mr. Ellis spent a pleasanter evening. To be sure, he heard more than one whispered allusion to "the minister's coat," and more than one gay laugh upon the subject, but true to his vow, he bore all this bravely. More than one came forward and greeted him as a friend, and there sat Miss Snow joining in the conversation with that bright, animated face, which he had noted so well upon a previous occasion.

"I am sorry to see that you haven't got well of that cough yet," remarked a lady, who had observed with some concern, that the young minister now and then was overtaken in a fit of coughing. "How did you get it?"

The question, simple as it was, seemed to embarrass the young man, and the answer was hurried and confused. But one person understood his confusion.

"Poor fellow!" thought Miss Snow, "that coat, or rather the want of another one, will be the death of him yet. No wonder he has that horrid cough; I wish—"

It is impossible to tell what she wished, but everybody observed that she looked very thoughtful the rest of the evening, though she acknowledged that she had had a very delightful time. It was a long time before Miss Snow heard of her friend, the young minister, again. "His coat, or rather the want of another," as Miss Snow had worded it, had very nearly proved the death of him. Immediately after the Temples' party, the obstinate cough had become more serious, and in spite of the care which Mr. and Mrs. Loring lavished upon him, it soon became evident to the medical adviser, as well as to the family, that the only chance of preserving the young man's life, was to remove him to some warmer climate. This was soon effected, and the matter, after having been a nine days' wonder, as is usual in all country places, ceased to be talked about, and was soon forgotten.

The young minister, however, was not entirely forgotten by the village inhabitants. Often were inquiries concerning him addressed to Mr. Loring, but beyond the fact that he was better, nothing could be ascertained in regard to him.

It was a beautiful day in the fall of the year. Miss Snow was walking slowly homeward from the afternoon service, which had been conducted by Mr. Atherton Ellis. Singularly enough, this

tall, fine-looking Mr. Atherton Ellis was Miss Snow's especial aversion. She disliked him and she disliked his sermons, and never heard them without wishing she had the power to expel the preacher from the pulpit.

Upon this particular day, she heard steps behind her, and hastily turning, discovered the very object of her thoughts.

"Good afternoon, Miss Snow. I've been wishing to see you," said Mr. Atherton Ellis, blandly.

"Have you?" said Miss Snow, stiffly.

"The fact is, Miss Snow, we have known each other some time, and I—the fact is, I—"

Miss Snow walked on quite calmly, not in the least troubled by the embarrassment of her companion.

"The fact is, Miss Snow, I have a great regard for you."

"Indeed!" was the cool answer.

Miss Snow could be as freezing as her name. The gentleman lost all patience.

"Miss Snow, permit me to offer to your acceptance, myself and my humble fortune. I know you will not despise me because my fortune is humble."

"No, sir, I should not. I only despise those, who, whatever they preach in the pulpit, show a lack of Christian kindness to their fellow-men. I despise him who ridicules his neighbor because, perhaps, his coat is not of the latest make; because it has been paid for by honest labor, and made by a mother's careful hands. Such I do despise, and ever shall."

"But, Miss Snow—" began the crest-fallen Mr. Ellis.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Ellis. I advise you to return to Miss Arabella Temple, who believes you the soul of honor." And with the dignity of a queen, Miss Snow walked on, and left her companion to the sad reflection that the wealth he had coveted was not to be his after all.

In the course of that week there were two pieces of news circulating in the village of S—. The first was, that Miss Arabella Temple had married Mr. Atherton Ellis and that the two had left the village forever. The second was, that Mr. Loring, being fully empowered to do so, had chosen a colleague, who would enter upon his duties on the following Sabbath. Great was the excitement caused by both these rumors, but especially the latter. Old and young assembled at church upon the next Sunday, and great was the curiosity to know who the new minister was. But greater still was the excitement, when from the pulpit looked forth that well-known intellectual but now healthy face, which looked so like

and yet so unlike a face they had seen before—that of Mr. Paul Ellis. Clad in a coat of the latest style, but as modest as ever in his manner, the new minister was no longer objectionable to any member of the congregation. In fact, as Mr. Loring's colleague, and in his new coat, he soon became decidedly popular among the young as well as the old.

In spite of her first refusal, Miss Snow being asked a second time to become Mrs. Ellis, did not say no; though, lest you should think her very inconsistent, I will state that it was not Mrs. Atherton Ellis, but Mrs. Paul Ellis that she became. She often declared that her heart had been won by that "detestable old coat," when she first saw it from behind her brown veil in the coach. And her husband laughingly declares that his heart was won by the brown veil.

OUR PET MONKEY'S TRICKS.

I remember very distinctly one bright summer's morning, when, with a house full of guests, we missed two young ladies at the breakfast-table. Thinking they had overslept themselves, we took no pains to disturb them until the meal was nearly over, when I went up stairs and tapped at their door. I was answered by a smothered cry of distress, when I opened the door, and saw the two unhappy creatures struggling under the bedclothes, with our monkey perched upon their knees, grinning and chattering in the most malignant manner, and even making now and then a most furious rush at them when a hand or a nose happened for a moment to be exposed. It was well I had gone to their rescue, for their horror was beyond description, and so long as they screamed and struggled the monkey was not likely to give them up. They said they had first heard some unusual sound upon the dressing-table, when looking out of bed, they perceived to their dismay that the monkey had entered by the open window, and was busily examining the curiosities of their toilet. Had they been quiet, he would most likely have returned as he came; but so soon as they betrayed their fear, he sprang upon the bed, threatening and defying them to the teeth and keeping them prisoners.—*Once a Week.*

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Fathers love their daughters better than sons, and mothers love their sons better than daughters, so do sisters feel towards brothers a more constant sentiment of attachment than towards each other. None of the little vanities, heart-burnings, and jealousies that, alas for poor human nature! are but too apt to spring up in female hearts, can (or, at all events, should) arise between brother and sister; each is proud of the success of the other, because it cannot interfere with self—nay, on the contrary is flattering to self. Hence, if there be a bond of family union more free from the selfish blot that interrupt all others, it is that which exists between an affectionate sister and her brother.—*Lady Blessington.*

[ORIGINAL.]

WORK.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Laggard, thou'rt sitting idly,
 With useless, folded hands,
 Unmindful of the desert spots,
 And waste of barren lands.
 Up! rouse from this dead stupor,
 And gird thine armor on!
 When once a firm resolve is made,
 Full half the battle's won.

What right hast thou to squander
 The talents God has lent?
 What right in rust to bury
 The powers he has sent?
 They're yours to battle bravely
 In strong defence of right;
 They're yours to carve your shining way
 Up to the hills of light!

The whole world calls for labor;
 There is a thirsty dearth
 Of earnest, working, Christian souls
 O'er all this wide-spread earth;
 A lack of strong-armed pioneers
 To break the ranks of sin;
 And woo, with words of heavenly peace,
 The footsore wanderer in.

Up from this dull supineness!
 Up, with a righteous trust!
 An idle life surely conducts
 To shame and carnal lust.
 Work while the day endureth,
 Work ere the night shall come—
 At evening, when the shadows fall,
 God calls his servants home.

[ORIGINAL.]

BURIED ALIVE :

—OR,—

THE GOLD DIGGER.

BY JOHN H. UNDERWOOD.

JABEZ DAYTON, the hero of our narrative, was, at one period of his life, a New England farmer—honest, industrious, tolerably intelligent, and withal, in comfortable circumstances. Several years prior to the discovery of the “root of all evil” in California, he wooed and won the belle of his native village, the pretty Jenny Wayland, whose beauty, amiability and many virtues had gained her the respect and esteem of all who knew her, albeit, she was but the daughter of a poor and hard-working mechanic.

For a whole year the newly-married pair lived in perfect harmony, not a cloud having arisen in the matrimonial horizon to mar their happiness,

or lessen the confidence which existed between them. Jabez, who was now in his twenty-fifth year, continued to manage his farm with his usual skill, and, mindful of the old proverb,

“He who by the plough would thrive,
 Himself must either hold or drive,”

labored early and late himself, doing far more work than his hired man. There was now a fair prospect that if he should live to the average age of mankind, he would die a rich man.

About this time, however, one of those unaccountable manias which sometimes seize the most sensible of men, took possession of his mind. He became suddenly possessed with a desire of making money faster and easier than he had ever done before, and by brooding over this dangerous fancy in secret, increased it to a complete monomania. This morbid greed of gain could not be satisfied with the comparatively small but constant and certain receipts of the farm, and Jabez began to look around him for some shorter avenue to wealth.

While his mind was in this unhealthy state, he chanced to gain possession of an old volume which purported to give an authentic history of Captain Kidd, and other pirates of his time; and also a plausible theory in regard to the immense treasures of gold and precious stones which those freebooters were said to have concealed upon the sandy beaches of Cape Cod, and all along the coast of Massachusetts.

Jabez perused the volume with intense interest, and long before he had finished it, had become fully converted to its theory in regard to the buried treasures. That gold in immense quantities was concealed somewhere, had been proved beyond question; but where? Perhaps in that very town, perhaps on his own farm. It was very probable that it was, and by devoting time and money to a faithful search, he could, doubtless, find it. An adventurer who dared to risk something in the pursuit, would certainly reap a rich reward, and the thought was mother of the deed.

In spite of the remonstrances of his wife, and the sneers of his neighbors, the monomaniac (for such we must call him) immediately hired a competent man to take the entire charge of his farm, while he prepared to give his undivided personal attention to a systematic search for the buried treasures. Since the perusal of the volume which we have just mentioned, he had dreamed several times of finding vast quantities of gold in various parts of his farm, and these dreams had driven from his mind every lingering doubt of the propriety of his scheme.

By the assistance of clairvoyants and divining

rods, various spots were designated as the proper place to dig, and shafts were immediately sunk, without regard to labor or expense.

Of course no glittering treasures rewarded the adventurer, and it was not long before the condition of his farm and finances began to show the sad results of neglecting a legitimate business for the pursuit of a vain chimera.

The overseer whom Jabez had entrusted with the charge of his affairs, proved to be an accomplished swindler. Observing that his employer was completely absorbed in his insane pursuit, he managed matters as he pleased, and after defrauding Jabez of several thousand dollars, suddenly absconded.

The discovery of his losses, however, had no other effect upon Jabez than to increase his disgust of farming, and incite him to redoubled exertion in quest of imaginary treasures. Shaft after shaft was sunk until the influx of water prevented further operations, and then abandoned. At length a new locality was marked out by a swindling clairvoyant as the "right spot this time and no mistake," and Jabez commenced sinking a large pit, intending, should water again put a stop to his downward progress, to bore tunnels, which should radiate horizontally in every direction, from the central shaft.

This pit had scarcely been commenced, when the failure of a banking institution in a neighboring town, in which Jabez had invested all his funds, brought him to comparative poverty. Nothing was now left him but his farm, which had been sadly exhausted by the mismanagement of his runaway overseer.

This catastrophe quite disheartened the poor treasure hunter; but instead of looking his situation fully in the face, and seeking, by well-directed labor upon his farm, to retrieve his fallen fortunes, he discharged his single laborer, mortgaged his estate, and continued his labors in the bowels of the earth. And worst of all, while following the treacherous Will-o'-the-wisp which had already led him into the bog, he resorted to the stimulus of ardent spirits to drive away care.

From this time matters grew rapidly worse, and when the next autumn came, the family of Jabez Dayton, once so happy and prosperous, were in absolute want, for the neglected farm had produced no harvest. Jabez had become a confirmed inebriate, but still labored at intervals in his pit, and had excavated tunnels in every direction. His suffering but ever-gentle and patient wife did not reproach him, but rather strove, by appealing to his affection for herself and their children, to draw him back from the precipice which yawned before him.

It was in vain. The drunken, fanatical treasure hunter had lost all honorable ambition, and was now content to burrow, like a mole, in the ground, consoling himself with the illusive picture of future wealth and ease, or drowning regrets in the drunkard's bowl. A second mortgage on the farm provided means for the sustenance of the family through the coming winter, and enabled Jabez to continue his excavations. It had now become his invariable custom to leave his bed at daybreak, and labor for an hour or more in his pit before breakfast. The forenoon was then spent in alternate tipping and digging, and by afternoon the unfortunate monomaniac would be usually too far intoxicated to pursue his labor.

One morning, as usual, he left his bed at dawn of day and hastened to his pit. An hour later, his wife arose, and having prepared their humble breakfast, sat down by the cradle of her child to await her husband's return. Half an hour passed, and he did not come; still his wife patiently rocked the cradle, and waited, supposing that he had become so deeply absorbed in his labor as to be unmindful of the lapse of time; but when a whole hour had passed, and he had not yet appeared, she began to fear that some accident had befallen him. She was about to leave the house for the purpose of seeking him, when a little boy, the son of a neighbor, passed by, and calling him to the door, she bade him go to the pit and tell Mr. Dayton that breakfast was ready.

The boy promptly obeyed, but had been absent scarcely five minutes when he returned, breathless with excitement, and rushing into the house, exclaimed:

"O, Mrs. Dayton, the dirt has all tumbled into the hole and filled it up!"

He had scarcely uttered the words, when Mrs. Dayton cried in an agony of despair:

"My husband, O, my husband!" and fell fainting upon the floor.

The boy was now terribly alarmed, for he thought she was dead, and ran home at the top of his speed. As soon as his parents were able to comprehend his incoherent story, the mother hastened to the assistance of Mrs. Dayton, while the father, with several other neighbors, ran to the pit. The sides had caved in, filling the pit nearly to the top, and if Jabez had been in at the time of the catastrophe, of which there was little doubt, he must have been instantly crushed to death.

For a few moments the horror-stricken neighbors looked upon the ruins of the excavation in silence, then followed exclamations of sorrow for

the sad fate of the unfortunate man, for notwithstanding his faults, he had yet many friends who had not forgotten his former virtues. The news of the accident spread like wildfire through the village, and in a few minutes a crowd of people had collected about the pit, among whom were several persons whom Jabez had always regarded as his best friends.

"Poor fellow," said one, "he has been suddenly cut down in the prime of life."

"Small loss to his family, or the community, I reckon," replied the tavern-keeper, who had first tempted Jabez to drown his sorrows in the "flaming bowl."

"You should not say it, if it were true, for you have helped to make him what he was," replied another, disgusted at this unfeeling remark.

"Does his wife know of this?" asked one who had just arrived at the spot.

"Yes," replied another, "I have just been in to see her."

"How does she appear?" asked several.

"Well, I don't think she will die of grief at the loss of such a good-for-nothing fellow," was the sarcastic reply.

"Then she does not take it very hard, eh?"

"Not at all; she is perfectly calm, and it is my opinion that she will be easily consoled." And the speaker, who had been one of Jenny's rejected suitors, laughed in a scornful manner.

"Do you think it best to dig him up, now that he is so comfortably buried?" asked one of Jabez's friends.

"I, for one, think that would be a useless expense," replied another.

"I should wish that the body might be recovered, if possible, that we might give it Christian burial," replied the village physician; "but it would require many days' labor to remove the earth from the pit, and before we could reach the body, it would doubtless be too far decomposed to admit of removal."

This view of the matter appeared so reasonable that it was soon decided not to attempt exhuming the body, unless the relations of the unfortunate man should insist upon it; but that the usual burial services should be performed over the mouth of the pit, which should then be levelled off, and marked with an appropriate grave-stone.

The village minister assumed the task of gaining the widow's consent to this proposal; but upon entering the house he found her still insensible. She was at length restored to animation, but not to a consciousness of her situation, for the sudden shock had induced a brain fever, and caused a delirium of many days' duration. The

other relatives made no objection to the plan which had been proposed, and accordingly the pit was covered with earth, while a plain tablet of marble, bearing a suitable inscription, was erected to mark the last resting-place of the unfortunate treasure-seeker.

The circumstances attending his death proved a nine-days' wonder in the village, and formed the chief subject of conversation for many weeks; but, as some one has said, "You might as well stick your finger in the water, and pulling it out, look for a hole, as to think that, whatever the station you may occupy, the world will long miss you after your death," and in time even the name of Jabez Dayton was almost forgotten.

After a severe and dangerous illness of several weeks, the widow of Jabez Dayton awoke to a painful realization of her situation. Before she had fully recovered, the village store-keeper, the man of whom we have heretofore spoken as a rejected suitor, foreclosed the mortgages which he held upon the farm, and seized the estate.

No resource was now left her but to return to her father's house, and this she was compelled to do, accompanied by her two children, one a boy scarcely two years old, and the other an infant. She received a cordial welcome, notwithstanding the straitened circumstances of the family; but the thought of becoming a dependant upon her father, who was already compelled to labor early and late for the support of his family, caused her an additional grief.

It was obvious that she must do something for the support of herself and children, and the necessity for earnest action had a good effect in deadening the violence of her grief. After mature deliberation, she decided that the best plan for her to pursue would be to open a private school for small children. Such a school was greatly needed in that neighborhood, and she was eminently qualified, both by nature and education, for a teacher.

This plan was no sooner proposed than put in practice, and the beautiful young widow was soon engaged in teaching some twenty young ideas, of both sexes, how to shoot. For a year, the school was very successful, and the fair instructress gained the affection of her pupils as well as the unqualified respect of their parents.

She had become deeply interested in her occupation, and might have been, if not joyous and happy as before her marriage, at least cheerful and contented with her lot, had it not been for one person, who caused her no little annoyance. This was the village store-keeper, who, now that

the first year of her widowhood had expired, had renewed his attentions to her.

Her father's business had been for some time past greatly depressed, and he had become indebted to Mr. Moreton the store-keeper, for a large amount, which there was no prospect of his being able to pay at present; and from this cause she dared not reject his suit with scorn, as she gladly would have done, lest he should revenge himself upon her father, who was now so completely in his power.

Moreton appreciated his advantage, and resolved to win the hand of the fair widow by any means in his power, no matter how dishonorable. He continued to persecute her with his hateful attentions for months without, however, presuming to ask in so many words, the honor of her hand in marriage. His time had not yet come, but as difficulties thickened around her father, and misfortune followed misfortune, he grew bolder in proposition as he felt that his grasp upon his victim was more and more secure. At length the house, which constituted the entire property of Mr. Wayland, was mortgaged for its full value to Mr. Moreton.

As the time at which this mortgage must be redeemed or foreclosed approached, Moreton grew more marked in his attentions to Jenny, and at length made her a proposal of marriage, hinting at the same time that in case of a refusal he should not scruple to use his power to ruin her father. This implied threat was more than Jenny could bear, and regardless of the consequences, she answered him with just indignation, rejecting his suit with scorn, and spurning him as she would a loathsome reptile.

The result of her refusal was that the mortgage was immediately foreclosed, and her parents left houseless and penniless in their old age. Mr. Wayland was, however, offered the privilege of remaining in the house as a tenant, an offer which he gladly accepted, hoping that he should be able to pay the rent promptly, and thus retain the home in which he had spent so many happy years. For a brief space of time he was enabled to do this by the assistance of his widowed daughter, whose school now afforded the chief income of the family; but suddenly, and without any apparent cause, the number of her pupils began to decrease. At length only four or five remained, and when Jenny asked an explanation from the parents of those who had been taken from her school, she received only cold and evasive answers.

And now she began to observe that her former friends and acquaintances seemed to shun and avoid her; or, if they chanced to meet her in the

street, cast glances of scorn and suspicion upon her which brought a flush of indignation to her cheek. At length the cause of all this became apparent. Various slanders tending greatly to injure her reputation, had been whispered in the village, and were universally believed, although no one could tell whence they originated. Jenny at once decided in her own mind that Moreton was the author of these lying reports, for she well remembered his parting words: "You shall live to repent this conduct, madam."

There was no proof of his agency in the matter, however, and the innocent victim of slander could obtain no redress. Her few remaining pupils soon left her, and thus the principal support of the family was lost.

To add to the grief of the unfortunate family, Mr. Wayland was one day severely injured by an accident in his workshop, and brought home in a state of insensibility. At first it was feared that his injuries were mortal; but after several days of terrible suffering, he began slowly to recover. He would, however, be a cripple for life, and unable to labor as formerly at his trade. Of course the family were now in a destitute condition, unable to pay the rent, and scarcely able to procure the necessities of life.

Their extremity was Moreton's opportunity for which he had been long and patiently waiting; but he had grown wise by experience, and did not again attempt to gain the widow's hand by threats. Instead of this he proffered his assistance to the family, gave them a receipt for the unpaid rent, provided everything which could add to the comfort of the sick man; and, in brief, assumed the role of a disinterested benefactor.

Jenny was both surprised and pleased at this change in his manner, and naturally of an unsuspicious disposition, reproached herself for the manner in which she had formerly treated him. In her zeal to atone for this she once more admitted him to her friendship, and it was not long before he had again assumed the attitude of a suitor. Although she shrank with horror from the bare idea of becoming his wife, she did not again repulse him with contempt; but passively suffered his attentions, cherishing a hope that some means of escape might be opened for her.

In the meantime, Moreton, confident of gaining the coveted prize, commenced building a magnificent dwelling-house nearly opposite the farmhouse once owned and occupied by Jabez Dayton. To make a long story short, he pursued his purpose with untiring energy until, between duty to her parents, whom she could thus relieve from want, and gratitude to Moreton, poor

Jenny yielded to his importunities and consented to become his wife.

The new and splendid mansion of Philip Moreton was brilliantly illuminated, and a large number of invited guests had assembled to witness the marriage of their host and the still lovely Jenny Dayton. Every face was radiant with happiness save that of the bride. Even her mother, and her father, who had recovered sufficiently to be present at the wedding, could not conceal the pleasure which they felt at the thought of the brilliant future which awaited their daughter, as the wife of a rich and influential man.

The very persons who had recently regarded Jenny with scorn and suspicion, were now the most anxious to offer her their congratulations, and to do her honor; for she was about to become the wife of the richest man in town, and even if the stories which had been circulated were true, it mattered not now, for her husband's wealth would cover all her sins.

The hour appointed for the wedding arrived all too soon for the self-sacrificing woman who was about to immolate all her hopes of future happiness upon the altar of filial duty. The officiating clergyman prepared to commence the ceremony; the sorrowful bride and the happy bridegroom placed themselves before him, and the voices of the guests were instantly hushed.

At this moment the door-bell rang violently, then followed the sound of an angry dispute with the servants in the lower hall, and immediately after hasty footsteps were heard approaching the room in which the wedding party had assembled. Then the door was flung violently open, and a roughly-dressed man, whose face was nearly concealed by a luxuriant growth of beard and moustache, rushed in.

"What means this intrusion?" demanded Moreton, angrily.

But without deigning to reply to the question, the stranger rapidly advanced to the bride, and exclaimed:

"Jenny, you are not yet the wife of that man? O, say you are not yet married!"

As that well-remembered voice fell upon her ears, Jenny tottered toward the stranger, and fervently murmuring, "Not yet, thank God!" fell fainting in her husband's arms!

By this time the assembled company had recognized the stranger, who was no other than Jabez Dayton the treasure-hunter, who had been dead and was alive again.

The scene which ensued is beyond our power of description. When Jenny again opened her

eyes, she was still clasped in the embrace of her husband, to whom she murmured:

"Let us leave this place at once."

"Not yet, Jenny," replied Jabez. And placing his wife upon a sofa, he advanced toward Philip Moreton. "Not until I have branded this miscreant as a liar and a scoundrel!"

Then seizing the merchant by the collar he held him with a vice-like grasp until he had exposed the villany of which he had been guilty, calling in witnesses who had been waiting outside the door, to prove the truth of his assertions.

It appeared that Moreton had not only originated the slanderous reports which had so injured the reputation of the widow, but that he had known for a long time Jabez Dayton was still alive. He had intercepted all the letters which Jabez had mailed to his wife from California, many of them containing remittances of large amount, thus becoming a felon, and rendering himself liable to several legal penalties. Before Jabez had finished the recital, Moreton fell upon his knees, crying:

"I confess it all—I have done all this and more—but spare me for the love of God, and you shall never see me again. Take all my property, but let me escape the penalties of the law."

"Not so," replied Jabez, "I would not take a penny from you; but I have no desire to give you up to the officers of justice. I will purchase your property this moment at a fair price, and then you may go in peace."

Moreton joyfully accepted this generous proposal, and stated the sum of money which he would consider a fair equivalent for the estate which he must leave behind him. A lawyer who chanced to be among the guests, immediately drew up the proper documents; the transfer was made, and Moreton having received a bag of gold in payment for his houses and lands, hastened from the room. Before daybreak he was beyond the reach of pursuit, and the next European steamer bore him away from the shores of his native land, never to return. After Moreton had left the house, the lawyer advanced to Jabez, and said:

"This is now your house, Mr. Dayton, and we are your guests. In the name of the company present, I congratulate you upon your good fortune; and now, if the request is not unreasonable, will you gratify our curiosity in regard to your unprecedented escape from death, and your subsequent adventures?"

"Willingly," replied Jabez. And seating himself by the side of his Jenny, he related his adventures as follows:

"At the moment when the pit, which my folly had led me to dig, caved in, I was at the further end of one of the tunnels. I heard the crash of the falling earth, and at the same instant found myself in total darkness. I soon comprehended the true state of the case, and realized that I was buried alive! Words cannot describe my sufferings for the few minutes (which seemed like interminable ages) following the catastrophe.

"I then for the first time became conscious of the folly of my conduct. I saw then how foolishly, yes, criminally, I had wasted time and money in an insane pursuit, thereby bringing sorrow and want upon my family. And then I reflected upon the ruinous vice of intoxication which I had acquired. Presently I experienced a feeling of suffocation, for I had exhausted the limited supply of air contained in the small space in which I stood. I felt that I was dying, and I knelt and prayed, first for my injured wife, and then that I might escape from the horrible death which threatened me. I made a solemn vow, that if I should ever again be permitted to behold the light of day, I would forever abstain from intoxicating drinks, and devote my energies henceforth to some legitimate occupation.

"As I rose to my feet, I staggered from weakness, and clutched at the earth for support. Instead of the crumbling sand which formed the end of my prison cell, I grasped the fibrous root of a shrub which had found its way into my cave. It yielded to the tension, and as I drew it toward me, a portion of earth came with it, leaving an opening of a foot or more diameter into the glorious, blessed, heavenly light of day. Although I had excavated my tunnel horizontally, I had bored through the brow of a hill, until another foot or two would have brought me out once more into the open air upon the hillside. In a moment more I had enlarged the hole with my hands sufficiently to allow me to pass out.

"I hastened back to the mouth of my pit to view the ruins, and then, as it was already past my usual breakfast hour, I felt a sudden impulse to conceal myself behind a clump of bushes near at hand, to hear what my friends would say when they should discover the accident.

"I had scarcely crouched behind the bushes, when a boy came to the mouth of the pit, and ran away again in great alarm. In a few minutes more a crowd had collected about the spot, and I was able to overhear everything that was said. But when I heard Moreton say that Jenny did not appear grieved at my death, but rather to rejoice over it, I swore to leave her forever. As soon as possible, I left my place of concealment, carefully closed the opening through which I had

obtained egress from my cave, and left my native village, as I then thought, never to return.

"I wandered on, in an agony of mind bordering on madness, until I reached the seashore. A ship was lying at one of the wharves, and the crew were just casting off the hawser, preparatory to getting underway. I sprang aboard, and begged the captain to take me with him. I told him that I was a sailor, but would do what I could, and would try to learn seamanship as fast as possible. At length he consented to take me, without wages.

"The ship was bound to California, and after a tedious passage we arrived there to find everybody in great excitement in consequence of the recent discovery of gold. The entire crew, including myself, immediately deserted and hastened to the mines. For six months I labored indefatigably, merely to drive away sorrow, for I had no object in amassing wealth, until the arrival in the mines of an old friend and fellow-townsmen, who informed me that my wife had truly and deeply mourned my death, inspired me with new energy.

"I immediately wrote home, enclosing a large remittance to Jenny. Receiving no answer, I wrote again and again, but still no answer came, and I began to fear that she was dead. As I had already collected many thousand dollars' worth of gold, I resolved to return home at the first opportunity. Before the sailing of the next ship for the New England States, I made a lucky 'hit,' and in three days had quadrupled my store of the precious metal.

"I arrived at Boston three weeks ago, and immediately despatched a trusty messenger to this village, to bring me intelligence of my wife. He soon returned, and informed me that she was about to be married, and also that she still supposed me dead. It is not necessary that I should inform you of the course which I have since pursued, and which has resulted in the detection of that scoundrel Moreton. And now I have regained my darling wife, whom I prize more highly than all the gold of California.

"The ways of Providence are past finding out. As you well know, I was once a drunkard, and a poor, fanatical treasure-hunter; I am now a reformed and wealthy man, and this change is due to the circumstance of my being buried alive."

After bestowing the most hearty congratulations upon the returned Californian and his wife, the company dispersed, leaving the happy pair to the enjoyment of each other's society in their new and luxurious home.

Many institutions are properly called seminaries, for they do not half teach anything.

[ORIGINAL.]

DESPAIR.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

How vague and like a wilderness
That heart becomes with care oppressed;
With fearful storms of mental woe
It sadly rocks, like ships that go,
In hope, far from the smiling shore,
Alas, to greet its scenes no more!
Such, swaying wildly mid the storm,
Upheaves its breast—then, then is gone;
The noble life that bore a charm
Through many a former tempest's strife,
At last, when Fate uplifts her arm
With powers of sad destruction rife,
Sinks walling, shivering, 'neath the wave,
No more the storms of earth to brave.

[ORIGINAL.]

A COUNTRY VISIT.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"DEAR UNCLE:—May Carry come and stay with you from May to August? The doctor recommends her to go into the country, for a few months; and as urgent duties make it imperative for us to stay in town, I can think of no better protector for Carry than you. She will not, I am sure, disturb you in the least. She is very orderly in her habits, and does not require much company, etc., etc."

Wallace Hastings dropped the paper as if it had been hot lead. Perhaps it is too much for me to say that he was a woman hater, but certainly he was very near becoming one. He had been "hazed about," as he expressed it, all his youth by an energetic, well-meaning, but unsympathizing step-mother; he had been jilted, when scarcely over his boyhood, by a little pink-and-white-faced girl, and since then, he had vowed something like eternal enmity against all woman-kind. Consequently he took time to attend fully to his own affairs, and at the age of thirty-six was a comfortably rich man, living in his own house with an oddity of a housekeeper and a still greater oddity of a hired man. He was a particular young-old bachelor. All his habits were fixed and nailed. He carried a little, round pin-cushion with him, in which were always exactly twenty-six pins; and if one had been missing when he lay down at night, it would surely have pricked his conscience so that he could not sleep. He had, moreover, a wee little box in which upon the most delicate of reels was wound silk and cotton and thread, and in which he kept his needles and scissors and shirt buttons, and whatever else goes to make up that tidy

receptacle, a bachelor's work-box. Every chair had its place, and knew it too. There were little balls of twine tucked away in particular little places, and, in fact, everything about looked quite too prim and nice for common mortals to touch. You may imagine what an annoyance to a quiet, particular person, such a note as this must have been.

Again and again he said to himself that it was impossible, and he couldn't think of it. What! have a chit of a girl rummaging about his precise premises, laughing when he didn't want to laugh, squalling—yes, that's what he called it!—squalling out opera-airs and thumping his elegant rosewood piano, till it screamed in agony—inviting young men and young women to call, turning his parlors topsy turvy, and giving him no rest or peace from morning till night! Gigantic accumulation of evils, Pelion upon Ossa of woman troubles! What could he do to avoid it? His niece had been too kind to him to deny her—she had nursed him in a severe illness, her attention had saved his life, and he felt grateful; but it takes something more than feeling to testify one's gratitude.

"Perhaps," thought he, "I can board at Badger's (a hotel), and leave her the house for her to ransack. Then she might talk, come, go, act as she pleased, and he would not be there to groan in spirit. But would not this look too cynical? would it be treating his guest or his aunt with respect? He came to the conclusion that it would not. Girls! how he detested them! Vain, giggling, flirting, nervous things, all the time expecting presents and ice creams, talking without sense, wise without experience—he most devoutly wished for a world minus the feminize gender, in which he might reflect at his ease, have no nieces to send him perplexing notes and more perplexing girls to turn his ideas and his household into confusion."

After this sort of reflection, it is hardly to be wondered at that his hand trembled with vexation when he replied that his niece was welcome (?) to send her niece—or rather her husband's—and that he should be happy (?) to receive her. O, the polite lies that are told every day, and every hour in the day!

It was on one of the balmiest and most beautiful of bright spring mornings. Our bachelor—but hold! we have not yet described him for the benefit of our thousands of readers. Have you on a table, devoted especially to that purpose, some scores of daguerreotypes? And among them is there one in particular—a Cousin Ned, or Mr. Somebody, a particular friend of the family, who visits not often, but always finds it diffi-

cult to tear himself away—whom you always select to show to visitors, from whom you may be sure to hear the most enthusiastic praises? And does not your own cheek tingle a little, when some rapturous voice exclaims—"what noble breadth of forehead! what splendid hair! such magnificent eyes! has he so sweet a dimple in his chin? O, isn't he a beauty!"

Well, that particular picture resembles—in a measure—the hero of our sketch. He was not only exceedingly fine looking, but he was handsome—a man to be proud of, as far as appearances went—and really, in all but his dreadful indifference to the pretty young girls who walked the streets of Sudbury, a noble fellow every way. Nobody could say a word against his morals. He went to church three times on the Sabbath, gave liberally, had the minister to tea once a month, and was highly thought of in the community—except by the women, who voted him down because he would not take to himself a wife.

As I began to say, our bachelor sat at his breakfast table, leisurely eating, sipping and reading, when he saw at some distance the coach turning a particular angle that it never turned except when it was coming towards his house.

"There's that girl!"

It is of course impossible to express by pen, the intense and withering disgust conveyed from his lips to the current of air blowing towards the coming coach. He sprang from the table, upsetting his coffee-cup over one of the whitest and finest of linen cloths, and by some strange instinct caught his hat and cane, and made for an opposite door to that one at which the coach was now standing, when he was arrested by the house-keeper, who said, rather pertinently:

"I guess there's somebody waiting for you to help her out."

This carried him to the front door, upon the steps of which stood already three detestable bandboxes and a formidable trunk, and he caught a glimpse of a face looking directly towards him.

"Thank Heaven, she's homely!" was his first mental ejaculation. And he then went forward to assist her to alight.

It was not a beautiful face that sat in his sunny home not a half an hour afterwards, to be sure, but it was a lovable face, there was no denying that. The fair, well-proportioned brow, with its soft ringlets of glossy brown falling around it—the clear, dark eyes, the deep, deep dimples that showed every time she spoke, and even the tiny, white, projecting teeth—yes, the teeth were ever visible—made an impression upon all who saw her. Wallace Hastings had deliberately decided to be off early, but somehow he

lingered longer than he intended, to hear the news from the family of his young niece.

In spite of his prejudices, he admired her calm, quiet manner; even her plain, gray-cloth dress, with its modest collar of white, pleased his eye, though he still persisted in being intensely thankful she was not beautiful. The next morning at breakfast she had a bloom on her cheek.

"Let me pour the coffee," she said, suiting the action to the word, and gracefully doing the duties of a hostess. "What a charming place this is," she continued. "I never saw a more beautiful prospect than from the top of the hill yonder."

"That hill! why, it is nearly two miles from here," said Wallace.

"So I supposed," she replied. "I started very early, so as to have the benefit of the sunrise. It was a most delightful walk."

"You rise early then?" he said, blushing as he thought of his own laziness.

"Always," was her reply. "My duties as a teacher would leave me no time otherwise. One can get through a great deal of reading and study by devoting two early hours to them, the mind is so fresh in the morning."

"You keep school then."

"O yes. My mother and father have been dead for many years."

There was an unconsciously mournful cadence in this reply, like a sad wail through a summer's wind. This young and graceful girl toiled hard for a living. He had not known this before. It made him more hospitably inclined. As he went away, he said:

"My pianoforte and music are at your command, Miss May," (Carry May—that was her name.)

"Thank you," she replied gently.

"I,"—he hesitated—"I am not much given to visiting, Miss May, but if I can be of service to you, command me. There are a great many fine young ladies in our vicinity."

He could not look her in the face as he repeated these choking words.

"Thank you very much, I am sure," she said, with her face all dimples—"but I am so little accustomed to visiting myself, that I fear I should not be good company. Besides, I am advised not to be given to night rambles, by my physician, and I believe while my health is not quite good, home is the best place for me."

"Admirable conclusion!" said Wallace in his heart. "Most certainly this is an extraordinary young woman!" And with much emphasis, he repeated these words to the minister that same day, inviting the latter to stop and take tea. The minister, be it known, was also a bachelor, and

was not as old by five years as Wallace Hastings.

He was a pleasing, gentlemanly man, not at all superior in talent, mild and amiable in manners and deportment, refined, courteous and good-looking. He came soon after Carry May had installed herself in this pleasant country house, and appeared so much delighted with her, that Wallace rubbed his hands gleefully for the first time in his life over such a thing, and said :

"There's a match—and he needs a wife."

So it continued that Carry May took long rambles in the mornings, often joined by Wallace Hastings, sometimes by the minister, and the good people of the village were noways backward in forming their conclusions, though they were a little puzzled to know which suitor was the most favored by the pleasant-faced young girl.

For a long time, Carry May had not been prevailed upon to sing. Brave in everything else, she was always timid when her vocal powers were concerned. One day Wallace Hastings came home much earlier than was his wont. He entered the house and was astonished to hear a clear, sweet, bird-like voice, trilling and warbling in perfect abandonment of melodious sound. He paused astonished, chained, captivated. If he had a weakness, it was a passionate love of music, and he himself was no mean amateur. Going towards the door of the music-room, he found his housekeeper and hired man both listening intently. They started and essayed to move when they saw him.

"Hush!" he said, in a low whisper, "who is it?"

"The young lady," replied his housekeeper. "That's the way she sings every day, like an angel, and Mike and I stand and listen."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Wallace. And musingly he entered the parlor.

Presently Miss May came in, quite astonished to see him there, and blushing so, that for once he thought her beautiful.

"So it seems you do sing, Miss May?" he said, a little pique in his voice, as he thought how often he had urged her to favor him.

"O, yes, for my own pleasure; it is a relaxation from severe duties."

"Must I think you are selfish, Miss May?"

"I hope I am not; I do not think it is selfishness so much as great timidity, which, so far, I have found it impossible to conquer. I wish I could. I have taken every pains to do so."

Why was it that at that moment the perverse heart of this bachelor, who had resisted all the beauties he had seen for so many years, went from him forever? Her modest, earnest manner, glowing cheeks and beautiful eyes completed his

enslavement. When the minister told him on the evening of that same day that he never saw a young lady so well calculated to make a pastor's wife, he fell almost tempted to commit some act of personal violence upon him; and when further, the minister with his pleasant, smiling face appeared at his supper-table twice where before he came but once, he was inclined almost to outrage politeness and tell him his room was better than his company.

It happened one day that the poor minister, in strictest confidence, told him that he intended to propose to Miss May. If an earthquake had struck him, or a ball of lightning transfixed him, he could not have been more astounded. In fact he almost turned his back upon the poor man.

For nearly a week following, poor Wallace Hastings spent his evenings from home. He was sure he had seen her eye light up with pleasure when the reverend gentleman called, she always spoke of him in admiring terms, therefore he concluded that it was all over, the two loved each other, so he would leave them to themselves. Consequently, for the sake of his own peace of mind, though it certainly made him wretched, he avoided Miss Carry May, while she, strange to say, seemed to lose her genial flow of spirits, and to look somewhat depressed and unhappy.

One day she sat in her room, writing to her aunt and uncle in the city. Suddenly she gathered the paper in her hands, and crushed it, saying :

"This will not do. Instead of writing, I must go home. I will not be a love-sick, desponding creature. There are claims upon my time, and even upon my heart, that I may call upon to aid me in overcoming my first wild dream. I will go home."

When she announced her intention to Wallace, he said, almost coldly :

"Ah, I am sorry you are going, but I suppose we shall be having a wedding soon, then I shall see you sometimes."

Having uttered these words in a very constrained manner, he went out, leaving the astonished girl surprised, indignant and wondering.

It was some two months after Carry May had returned. Wallace Hastings had been on a brief journey. It was not so much to finish the important business which called him away, as to forget the image that had been too indelibly stamped upon his heart. The minister took tea with him in the old-fashioned way, and he, too, came with a purpose, he was determined to know what had altered the manners of his old friend toward himself.

"Well, I suppose you are nearly ready for

that interesting ceremony?" said Wallace, attempting a ghastly smile.

"I really do not know to what you refer," replied the young pastor.

• "Why, to your engagement with Miss May," replied the other, speaking the name with an effort.

"My engagement to Miss May?" replied the minister, with equal effort. "I am sorry to say," he continued, in a lower and sadder tone, "I am not and never was engaged to Miss May."

"What, did you not tell me—"

"I told you that I should propose to her, and so I did," replied the other. "She, however, did not love me," he added, frankly.

"What a fool I have been!" exclaimed Wallace Hastings, striking his forehead.

"She would have made so sweet a pastor's wife," said the minister, entirely pre-occupied with his own thoughts. "By the way, I wonder you could have seen her so much without loving her."

Wallace finished his supper almost in silence, the minister meantime expatiating on the beauty and the many virtues of Miss May.

The next day our bachelor wrote a note to his niece in the city, and on the following morning he walked into the hall of her residence, just as Carry May was walking out. The blush, the start, the quick, earnest welcome with which she met him, were worth everything to him. Even the slight pressure of her hand—he could not have counted its value by any sum in arithmetic. His niece's welcomes were more demonstrative.

"I never expected to see you in my house," she cried. "You have almost made Carry a confirmed anchorite. She was bad enough before, but she has been a perfect recluse since she returned. I think so much study will kill her. Isn't she a sweet girl? Since nothing has come of it, I'll tell you frankly that I did secretly hope in my own heart that she would charm you out of your celibacy. But, O, dear, nothing short of an angel would move you, I believe."

"I have an idea that Miss May is only little short of an angel," said Wallace, gravely.

"Dear me, have you? Well, I declare, I didn't think it was in you to speak so highly of any woman. She is a dear, charming girl, that is a fact, the most engaging creature I ever knew—altogether a treasure. And it passes my comprehension why she isn't engaged, or hasn't been, long before this time."

"Perhaps she is," suggested Wallace Hastings.

"O, no, it isn't so, I'm very sure," replied his niece, "because, although there are plenty would be glad to come, yet no young gentleman waits

upon her; and I'm sure unless she could get one of the very best of husbands, I shouldn't want her to get any, for she has splendid talents and can well support herself."

"What kind of a husband do you think I should make?" queried Wallace Hastings.

After a moment of extreme surprise, the pretty woman clapped her hands as she exclaimed:

"O, I wish it might be! I know she likes you better—" She paused, quite confused.

Wallace had been walking the floor—he turned hastily, gave his niece one searching glance, and walked from the room, smiling to himself.

"I know she likes you better—" he soliloquized, "that's what I want; I want to be liked better—better than most men are liked."

"I declare!" exclaimed his niece, "I do believe Wallace likes our Carry. Well, to be sure if it isn't just the match for them both! He's as particular as any old bachelor, and she's as careful as any old maid. There will be a wedding as sure as the world!"

That evening the great question of his life was proposed by Wallace Hastings, and answered according to his heart's desire. Wallace had the cruelty to engage his friend and companion the pastor, who had enjoyed so many social evenings with his bride elect, to perform the ceremony. But he knew his disappointment was not as keen as some men's would have been. So that's what came of a COUNTRY VISIT.

SLEEP.

There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep; if the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers—this is insanity. Thus it is, that in early English history, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping always died raving maniacs; thus it is, also, that those who are starved to death become insane; the brain is not nourished, and they cannot sleep. The practical inferences are these: 1. Those that think most, who do most brain-work, require most sleep. 2. That time saved from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body and estate. 3. Give yourself, your children, your servants—give all that are under you the fullest amount of sleep they will take, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular early hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they awake; and within a fortnight, nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. This is the only safe and sufficient rule; and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself; great Nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just given.—*Dr. Spicer.*